From
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Pyeng Yang,
Korea.
Mr. James D. Luckett,
Dan'n Loving,
Virginia,
U.S.A.
1913
P.M.

Oct. 13, 1913.

Monday night—
Oct. 13, 1913.

Dearest Boy,

I had a letter from you to day written just one month ago tomorrow. All is good indeed in your sweet boy to write to me so often when you are so very busy as you must be preparing for your examination. That will be long over before you get this. I am praying constantly for you for this, indeed I pray for every aspect of your life and I know God is helping you in every way. I feel so helpless to give you any help or comfort in the heavy responsibilities of the hour. How I long to let you know my love and sympathy. If prayer can reach you and inclose longing then you are helped all the time for that is what I am doing always for you and for George.

I remember the strong, sweet letters you used to write me and our dear one when you was away from us. And how your love and sympathy helped and comforted us both. I remember so well how then dear, dear sweet Pop would look up at me after reading one of your sweet letters and his face would be all broken up with tears—but it showed his understanding and appreciation of your manly thought for us, for the awful sorrow we two, together, my boy, were facing. It was one of the reasons why the dear one suffered so keenly, he knew. I don't believe I ever can forget that terrible look of despair that used to come into his face when hopeless despair—Oh, how long, long, long forever

Ld. So Kiang. I
I ever can forget that
& despair that used to come into his
eyes, that hopeless despair. Oh, how
I love him and long, long, long forever
for him. Dear, I can't bear to have
you grow bitter over the treatment
you have received. I don't wonder
at it but I know it is just the awful
result to be better
wrong. I have suffered and yet I
will not let my heart be bitter for
don't have to take people & your heart
Where you do not trust or respect
but follow the rule my own dear,
gentle Father used to repeat to us;
just let such folks entirely alone.
That is the severest reproof you
can offer. — This has been an in-
teresting and full day. Up early and
had breakfast and gave the orders
for the servants for the day, then
went to the home of one of the mis-
sionaries where I had been invited
to a Korean feast. The guests were
Korean women only who have been
having a special class for Bible
study. There were 30 or 40, I suppose,
both young and old. They came in
their clean linen clothes with the
neat white band folded about the
head. They look so interesting and
are as different in their person-
ality as American women. They were
all so interested in me, asking if I
was the mother & the missionary lady
at whose house we were being en-
tertained. They came up & me, taking
hold of mine, in the Scottish great respect

at whose [illegible] They came in the tentertained. they [illegible] in the Korean
my hand in both of theirs, in the Korean
manner and with great respect
saying I had come a long way and
must be very brave. They raised
their hands in shocked astonish-
ment when they found how old I
am!! One came quickly forward
and said I must be her twin as
she am was 55 Another said I
looked much like a greatly belov-
ed missionary who died last summer.
I could only bow and smile in return
for their kind calculations. They played
games like children for they only seem
like children they are so gentle and
simple hearted. The party was on
the lawn which had many straw mats
for them to sit on. They would laugh
heartily over their games and some
were aggressive and some shy and
others self possessed while many had
even charming pleasant ways.
It is a great event to the Korean
women to "Kugung" or "sight see" in
a foreign house. Do they were taken
in little parties all over the house.
What a marvel it was to them!
They rubbed their hands over the
furniture, tried the door knobs,
pointed out this and that wonder
and made many interesting re-
marks. "Could heaven be much
more beautiful? Would it ever
be possible for Koreans to have
such beautiful things, so con-
venient and so wonderful!" They
often come in from the country, walk-
ing miles, just to "kugung" in
the mokoa's home. The other even-
ing when we were at supper
[illegible] country women came

Yenieri and [illegible] from the country, walk-
ing miles, just to "Kuguna" in
the Moka's home. The other even-
ing when we were at supper
a number of country women came
past the windows and stood peering
in at us and smiling with delight
at the family about the table.
After the games and sightseeing
the feast was served. It was a
real Korean feast, just what they
love to eat. It is called "Cookse"
and is a great quart bowl of
a very fine macaroni on top of
which are slices of a pickled white
radish or turnip called "Kimchii"
and with a smell you can never
forget. It is really rotted turnip.
But how they do like it! They
make barrels of it—in the fall and
the whole world is redolent(?)!!
with the odor. Then there are shreds
of cabbage and over all a very
generous sprinkling of red pepper!
It looks really pretty and inviting
but oh, the smell! Just before
these bowls of Cookoo were served
they all sat down on the mats and
one of them began to pray, at once
every head went down and then
one by one, each began to pray her
own prayer aloud. It was very
strange and impressive. No one
seemed to know what the one next
to him was doing, each was intent
on his own petition. Gradually
it grew of late until just one

Strange [illegible] and impressive. I [illegible] what the one next [illegible] & I know what the one next to him was doing, each was intent on his own petition. Gradually it grew softer until just one voice concluded the service. Then as their bowls were placed before them each head was bent in a thanksgiving. No Christian Korean would dream of eating his food without prayer. All these women had come from a Bible study class, as I said, and each had her Bible and lesson book tied up in a big cloth that was fastened about her waist with the Bible in front just at her belt. A few of the women had babies on their backs. When the food was served a pitcher or kettle of a brown sort of liquid was passed around and poured over the mixture. It is a sort of brine with a flavoring in it made of mildewed beans. They ate with chop sticks, leaning over the bowls and bringing the mass of food to the mouth in a continuous stream, sucking at it with much noise — which is "good form" with them, the more noise the better the "fozin." It was interesting to see how much more refined some were than others, even in this most barbarous performance. They left nothing in the bowls for they even drank the brine liquid that was left. This is such a feast as they greatly enjoy. After it was over they came to the hostess and [illegible] their enjoyment

ance. [illegible] drank the [illegible]
for they knew that was left. This is such a feast
as they greatly enjoy. After it was
over they came to the hostess and
to me to express their enjoyment
and gratitude and to wish us
"peace". How wonderfully these
women's lives have changed in the
few years since they "believed" for
not one of them had ever heard
of God fifteen years ago! Oh, I am
daily more impressed with "that
power of God" that works such
miracles in human lives. One old
Korean said he didn't need to see
any of Christ's miracles it was
miracle enough to him that Christ
power could so change a heathen
like himself, taking him literally
out of the gutter and making
a clean, decent praying Christian
gentleman out of him. And this
miracle is repeated daily in this
land. How glad I am that we
have such a Redeemer. These
boys and girls here in the home
would be a daily rebuke to most
Christians in America. They have
completely imbibed the spirit of
their missionary parents and
feel that they dare not do or be
anything that would cause a heathen
to question the religion of Christ. They
are shocked to see the things
travelers and visitors do, such as
smoking and not praying and
doing things on Sunday that are
not necessary. They are the truest
little Christians, every one of them.
I can understand what Christ meant
when he said it were better that one

doing things not necessary. There are so many little Christians, every one of them. I can understand what Christ meant when he said it were better that one was cast into the depths of the sea than that he should cause one of these little ones (tender of conscience, full of a simple faith, believing in God with the confidence of childhood) to stumble.

I have prepared my class room work for tomorrow, six recitations, and entertained a caller and had supper and prayers and seen to all the children being in bed and written this letter and now I am going to bed. I had a dear sweet letter from Lenore and one from Sallie from Panama and one from Lillie from Penn. and one from Lyn and one from my ever faithful Lucy. What a friend she is, and how fortunate I am and how rich in friends. The other evening some of the ladies of the community, one at a time, dropped in to call, until there were five here at the same time, not one knowing the other was coming. It certainly did make me think of old times at 504. They are all so good to me and really seem to consider it an addition to the Community to have me here. I wrote a letter last night to the Society at Falls Ch. and one last week to Ch. of Cov. and Metropolitan Society. Dear one, I know you will do everything all right. I want to ask a favor of you and George both, and that is that you visit that lonely grave. Do this for me. Do not care if I have others read this,

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If you care to have others read the
it is all right. I can't often repeat
my experiences — but I love to tell
them to you. With prayers and
love, ever, Mother.